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August 14, 1862.
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seems to consist - it is no sin to disobey laws that are
for liberty; but he can dismiss the noblest General of
the army for going a step beyond the letter of the law
in behalf of freedom. Slavery is still the only thing
subscribed with him. And notwithstanding all this sub-
serviency to the Slave Power, and all this infidelity
to liberty, many wonder why our armies are not more
victorious!

The truth is, we are not entitled to victory. We
must first understand - the question before the na-
tion is the issue involved, and conduct ourselves
accordingly. A hundred thousand noble lives have
been sacrificed, and hundreds of millions of money
expended, and still the rebellion is as formidable as ever.
The Government has called for three hundred thou-
sand more men, and they may all be sacrificed, and
still more men, unless the issue is recognized by the
administration. And this recognition must take place
immediately, or it will be too late to save us. It may
be too late already. Most of those who have come up
to the point of emancipation have only come there as
a "military necessity." Not to save the slave, but
a "military necessity." Nothing higher than selfishness has
actuated them.

As yet, neither the people, Congress nor the admin-
istration have shown any signs of a genuine repen-
tance for the crime of slavery. Still we ask God to
save our nation from destruction. But the prayer
for salvation will never be answered till we repent of
our former transgressions.

If this war is waged solely to ascertain which par-
ty shall hereafter sustain the institution of slavery, to
decide whether the Government should be preserved
by men like Lee, Fremont and Floyd, or like
Buchanan, Pierce and Polk, as heretofore, then good
men can have no interest in the final result, unless
it can save the government utterly destroyed from
the face of the earth.

But if the North take issue with the South, and
make this a war for freedom on her part; if our ar-
mies fight to make this fair land a home for the op-
pressed of all lands and of all complexions, then the
good men, with angels, and the infinite God himself
will be with us, and we shall be entitled to victory,
and victory will surely be ours.

Then, though nine out of every ten men shall die
on the battle-field, and every dollar of our property
shall be expended in the conflict, it will have been a
cheap war. For no man, however fruitful his imagi-
nation, can form any just appreciation of the value of
the Government of the United States, with its productive
soil and salubrious climate, which is in truth and in
fact

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."
What a field we should have then for the develop-
ment of the human race! Free speech from the
Lakes to the Gulf; a free press all over the land; the
arts and sciences advancing as well South as North;
all men allowed to learn the alphabet; and, more than
all, each allowed to worship God according to the
 dictates of his own nature, with none to molest him
or make him afraid.

Then true religion, Temperance her handmaid,
and all other reforms, could have free course and be
glorified, and we could then justly challenge the admi-
ration of the whole world.

Syr. N. Y.

G.

"I AM NOT A RADICAL ABOLITIONIST."

EDITOR LIBERATOR:
DEAR SIR - We had a meeting at our Town Hall,
a few evenings since, called at short notice, and well
attended, to take measures and offer inducements to
abolitionists to come forward, and fill up the de-
cimated ranks of the Vermont regiments now in the
field. The meeting was duly organized by calling to
the chair James Lovell, Esq., and Mr. Ellis Secretary.
After remarks of several gentlemen, my humble self
was called to the stand; and having made some re-
marks not exactly laudatory of President Lincoln
and his management of the war, and especially the
slavery question, when I had closed, the Chairman
rose and made an apology to the audience for suffer-
ing me to proceed, on account of my age. Thus, for one
old sage to save the page. The next speaker
called was the Rev. Mr. Bicknell, a highly esteemed
gentleman of the Baptist denomination, who, seeing
the fate that I had escaped under the cover of gray
hair, commenced his address with the declaration at
the head of this article, "I am not a radical Abolition-
ist" - a declaration so unlooked for from a man who
has passed for an Anti-Slavery advocate, it still rings
in my ears. The motion brought to a close by the
saying, "and not yet a radical Abolitionist." One hundred
thousand men and women sacrificed to a thousand
million of traitors squandered, and not a radical
Abolitionist yet! During that meeting, except from
my own lips, not a word of sympathy was uttered for
four millions of bondmen agonizing for that liberty
which God gave and man, as no other per-
ple ever did, O, if the heavens were ever hung
in blackness because of the wickedness and folly of
man, they should be and if the ministers of every de-
nomination had denounced slavery with a clear
voice, instead of fostering it by apologies, silence,
or "South-side views," it would have been to-day
among the things that were. Or, even if politicians
had leveled their artillery against it, as they always
have in its favor, it had long since been wiped out.

It is lamentable to witness the anti-slavery senti-
ment of the country exactly in inverse proportion to
the success of our arms. The disaster at Bull Run
brought out the Confiscation Act of 6th of August,
1861 - a specimen of human folly which would dis-
grace an assembly of Hottentots, - and the first
man, Fremont, who attempted to carry it out in its
letter, or anything like it, was sacrificed; and the
letter, if the breath of life was ever in it, was a dead
letter. A series of successes on the Mississippi, and
we forgot our bondmen and lost our anti-slavery just
three months, and labored in vain, to pass a more
stringent confiscation act. Next comes McClellan's
strategic movement from Richmon, a new-fangled
name for defeat, and the late confiscation act is born
to a day; and although in its provisions better than the
first, it reports to be true, as little likely to be executed
by the President or his subordinates as the first.

Even this contemplation of the continuance of slavery, as it
liberates only the slaves of rebels. I venture the as-
sertion, that if every rebel was brought into court,
and on slaveholding territory, and all the angels of
heaven testified to their guilt, not one of them
would be convicted. The salvation of the Union is at
stake. Its importance can never be overrated.
But rather than see it restored with slavery, let it be
broken into as many fragments as ever a forest oak
was shattered by a thunderbolt.

The destiny of the nation is virtually in the hands
of the President. The crisis is fearful; and while he
remains halting between the councils of the Holts
and the Crittendens on the one side, and the Sumners,
Loweys, Hales and Johnsons on the other - halting
between liberty and slavery - France and England
may turn the scale in favor of cotton and slavery,
and the free States, once more under the heel of the
chivalry, may bid a final and eternal farewell to free
institutions!

With these few thoughts hastily thrown together,
I subscribe myself
A RADICAL ABOLITIONIST.
Springfield, Vt., August 15, 1862.

Such was the demand for the Liberator of
August 8th, containing the speech of Wendell Phillips
at Abington, at the celebration of West India Emancipa-
tion, that we have exhausted every copy, and are in
need of some copies for our files, &c. Those of our
subscribers who do not file their numbers, and will
send us that particular one, directed "Liberator,
Boston, Mass.," will confer a special favor. It is editing
to preserve how that speech of Mr. Phillips has set on
fire the "patriotism" of all the fanatic, pro-slavery,
sham loyal journals at the North!

DEAR FRIEND, - I cannot express to you the feelings
with which I read the obituary of our friend, HAN-
NAH WEBB, of Dublin, extracted from the Anti-Slavery
Advocate of London, into the Liberator of the 15th.
Some of the most cherished and instructive mem-
ories of my life are associated with that pure, great-
hearted, large-souled woman.

Thursday, October 27th, 1842, I landed in Dublin,
after twenty-six days of unintermitting sea-sickness
between New York and Liverpool, and between Liver-
pool and Dublin. I was a stranger in a strange
land, and utterly unprotected. I was most kindly and
hospitably welcomed to the home of Richard D. and
Hannah Webb; and, until the 30th of January, 1843,
I was under the nursing care of the latter.

I was in Europe, lecturing and traveling five years,
during which time, the home of Hannah and Richard
was my home - the centre of my life, as it was of
theirs. I did much printing while in that kingdom,
and it was mostly done by Richard; and all was sub-
jected to the strong judgment, the good sense, and
correct taste of his wife. I came to feel, as all her
associates and acquaintances did, most reluctant to
differ with her on any subject, whether of domestic
duty and economy, of social propriety and obligation,
or of moral principle and action. I never met the
human being, to whose instincts, conscience, reason,
sympathy, good taste, intellectual acumen and dis-
cernment, and moral discrimination, I so naturally,
and as it were, necessarily deferred, as I did to hers.

And this, so far as five years' observation and ex-
perience confirm, might be said by all who were associ-
ated with her, or came under her influence in any de-
partment of life.

In regard to her own interior and exterior life, no
judgment could be more severe and exacting; she being
the most sensitive to what she considered the least
deviation from her own recognized standard of jus-
tice and right. She could find and offer no excuses
for herself; but she was never without kindly apolo-
gies for the mistakes of others. Hers was a love that
was keenly alive to any "extenuating circum-
stance"; and often have I heard her say, as she said
in a letter to me while at Graefenberg, "If we only
knew everything, we should seldom blame anybody
severely." Never have I seen more perfectly em-
bedded in human form the spirit manifested by the
martyr of Calvary, when he lay on his murderers,
"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

Hers was a love for all of human kind - that "think-
eth and doeth no evil" - that is all-hoping, all-confid-
ing, all-enduring - a love, also, that "seeketh not its
own." Self-forgetfulness - self-sacrifice - was the one
ruling element of her nature, the one controlling tar-
get of her character. In her relations as a wife, a mother,
or a friend, if sacrifices were to be made, whether in
things small or great, she claimed it as her right to
make them. Practically, as well as in spirit and
theory, she never wounded the body or spirit of another
for her own benefit. To conquer hatred by love,
unkindness by kindness, cruelty by gentleness,
evil with good, seemed but the very breath of her
spirit-life. I never saw a more perfect illustration of
this great heroic spirit than in the daily and hourly
life of our friend. I do not believe a human being
ever spoke harshly or unkindly to or of her, without
conspicuous shame and reproach, and loss of self-respect;
true, so, so, so earnestly loving and kind was she to
all in all relations.

In my private journal - diary rather - extending
over five years, are many records of the sayings and
doings of that bright, sunny, heroic spirit, illustrative
of the most striking and prominent traits of her char-
acter. Her life was an ever-present, ever-active
suffrage of self to the good of all around her, an heroic
sacrifice martyrdom to beautify and ennoble and make
happy the lives of others. Oceans and continents
presented no barriers to her sympathy and active
goodness. The American slave in his chains and under
the bloody slave-driver's lash, the exiled in
Australia, the crushed and cowed victims of power in
Hindustan, the sable victims of Anglo-Saxon cupidity
and cruelty in the wilds of Africa, were objects of
her sympathetic regard. Her great, womanly soul,
without regard to creed, color, country or condition,
embraced the human race in its loving devotion.

Never have I known, in my widely-extended and
intimate knowledge of human nature, as made man-
ifest, especially in domestic and social relations, a
more perfect and living interpretation of my own
conception of God and heaven, as expressed by the
favorite follower of the meek, but majestic martyr of
Calvary - "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love,
dwelleth in God, and God in him." No definition of
God, I ever saw, seemed to me so intelligible, so prac-
tical, so truthful, so adapted to express the presence
and glory of the Divine in human relations, and yet
so sublime. No heaven ever seemed to me so per-
fect, so living, and so full of that rest which consists
in the most intense and ennobling activity, as that
which consists in dwelling in love and in God - in a
love and sympathy for all of human kind, and in God
as seen and worshipped in living men, women and
children. The religion and God of our loved and
honored friend were facts, not fictions. She saw and
worshipped God in the Living Present, not merely in
the Dead Past. She revered man, not his incidents;
and tenderly and reverently sought his elevation and
happiness, and not the preservation and perpetuity
of his mere appendages. Her daily and hourly life
and conversation were full of facts to illustrate the
truth of these remarks.

"Died at Greenfield, Kilgobbin, County of Dublin,
on Wednesday, 10th July, HANNAH WEBB" - &c.
No! no! Richard D. Webb - the beloved and loving
wife of Richard D. Webb - is not dead, nor does she
sleep. She has but cast off the outer garment of her
body. The physical medium, through which that
great, loving, womanly soul was made manifest to the
external senses of all around her, is dead, and is now
returning to its original elements; but the woman,
the wife, the mother, the friend, so loved, so cherished,
so revered in all relations, is not dead. I enter the
presence of her husband and her children; I see not
her bright, sunny face, with material eyes; I hear
not her tones of affection and words of power; nor
am I conscious of her corporeal presence; but "I
cannot make her dead." I am conscious of her pres-
ence, as a living, loving, thinking, social being,
perfectly understanding and sympathizing with the loved
ones with whom her existence and destiny will ever
be blended. Her immortality, her eternal life, is
with me, a living and a sublime reality - a bliss, it
is, with the daily and hourly life of the loved ones
she has left in bodily form in her home. In the great
Anti-Slavery movement in this land, and in the struggle
for liberty, and against slavery in every form,
throughout the world, "I cannot make her dead." No!
Hannah Webb - the true, loving, devoted wife,
the tender, wise, and ever-watchful mother, the all-trusted
and ever-sympathizing friend, the world-wide phi-
lanthropist, the great heroic martyr to her self-
sacrificing, all-hoping, all-confiding, all-enduring love
for human beings, and sympathy for human suffering,
"I cannot make her dead." She lives and labors,
and reigns over human hearts, as one of earth's truest
saviors, and most loved and honored queens.

Dear friend, we have both known Hannah Webb;
and to know her was to honor her. With you, I re-
spond to every sentiment of affection and respect,
expressed in the obituary. My heart is very full of
pleasure, and only pleasant memories.

The beloved husband and children will be liber-
ated by the rebels. He has had the most enthusiastic
receptions at Washington and Baltimore, and ad-
vocates a vigorous prosecution of the war.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

After a protracted, malicious and perfidious
imprisonment, Col. Michael Corcoran has been liber-
ated by the rebels. He has had the most enthusiastic
receptions at Washington and Baltimore, and ad-
vocates a vigorous prosecution of the war.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5, 1862.

WASHINGTON, August 17, 1862.

FRIEND GARRISON - The Massachusetts 53d Reg-
iment started for the front of the War on Thursday
last. We went by the way of the Sound over the
Providence railroad, to New York. They had pre-
pared for us a great reception in New York city; but
our Colonel had orders from Washington to come di-
rectly through, making no stop anywhere. So we
landed in Jersey City, and did not go over into New
York at all. Col. Howe furnished the soldiers a break-
fast at the depot. While there, waiting for the cars,
a large concourse of visitors came to see us. I send you
a straw, as showing the direction the tide is running.
A clergyman of the Old School Presbyterian church
from Brooklyn, named Lanson, introduced himself to
me, and in the course of a long conversation said,
"I have been, heretofore, strenuously opposed to the
Abolitionists; but now I wait and pray for the Presi-
dent to proclaim immediate emancipation." I asked
him if there is no other way to suppress this rebellion.
I am surprised and gratified to see how extensive this
conviction is. I take every opportunity to state my
own convictions on this subject, and the grounds on
which I have them. I am satisfied that the people are
coming to see that there is no exodus for us out of
this war, to a prosperous and beneficial future, except
in freeing the slaves. The desire for this is growing
daily wider and deeper. All honest men see that slav-
ery is the cause of the war, and they are beginning to
see that the Border State policy, of holding slavery
sacred while fighting to suppress the rebellion, is utter
madness and ruin. The people are far in advance of
the Government on the vital issue of the age.

We had a tedious journey to Philadelphia, reaching
that city about 10 o'clock, in the evening. We had
then a splendid supper at the Soldiers' Retreat, where
the managers told me they had fed 2,000 soldiers in
the same way they had fed me. I will testify that
we were well done. There was a chance for all the men
to wash, and the tables were well supplied and tended.
Our men will remember Philadelphia. We went on
our way thence with cheerful hearts. We reached
Baltimore at 10 o'clock the next morning. There we
had to wait four hours for cars. I should think about
half the people of the city are thoroughly loyal, but
there is a bitter section feeling which is very mani-
fest. During that four hours' delay, I had the privi-
lege of preaching the Gospel of Freedom to many per-
sons, some of whom heard me gladly. In Baltimore,
and all the way through Maryland, as far as daylight
gave me an opportunity to observe the state of things,
we were welcomed with profound cordiality by the
colored people. At all their humble cabins and in the
field, the blacks hailed us with loving salutes. One
old slave in Baltimore said to me, "We wait on the
Lord for our freedom, and we know he will give us
liberty." And so he will, at the expense, if neces-
sary, through our blindness and unbelief, of the destruc-
tion of our Government and Union. What I can do
to make this a war of liberty, I shall do; but if the
people refuse to strike down slavery, then shall I wel-
come emancipation through the overthrow of our Supre-
macy. Let slavery perish, and let all slaves be free.
Justice be vindicated at all places, and all slaves be
free.

We are to cross the Potomac to-night, and bivouac
on the ground without tents, none being as yet ready
for us. I have roughed it in Kansas, and can do it on
the sacred soil of Virginia. Recruits are beginning to
pour into Washington. Next week will see the ad-
vent of some fifty thousand, and so on till the whole
of the last immense call are in the field. Well, if the
President will only use the armies in earnest for the
overthrow of the rebellion and its wicked cause, we
shall be blessed indeed in all the sacrifices of this war.

DANIEL FOSTER.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.
A very great throng of people was addressed by
Governor Andrew at the camp-meeting at Martha's
Vineyard on Sunday afternoon. The reporter for the
Tribune describes the address as a grand and suc-
cessful effort, worthy of the man, the place and the occasion.
The correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury gives
the following sketch of his remarks:

After announcing the correct doctrine that all right
government is based on the consent of the governed,
"line truth," instead of that atheistical dogma that
"government derives its authority from the consent
of the governed," he said: "We stand where we
stand, and we stand where we stand, and we stand
where we stand. There is a time when rebellion
ceases to be a virtue, in heaven as well as on
earth. The rebels have taken their choice. They
had certain rights as peaceable citizens of the republic.
They had the right to be heard, and to be heard by
the people. They were a peace man. He abhorred war.
But as the Executive of the Commonwealth, he had
called on his fellow-citizens to rise up and arm, and
to defend the old Bay State, in the face of the rebel
power, which was overthrown, that of the oppress-
or would fall with it, and four millions of fellow-be-
ings rise up from their enslavement, disfranchisement,
and degradation. He had no doubt that this war
this object being accomplished. He was not supersti-
tious, but could not fail to recognize the fact, that from
the day that the government turned its back on the
proclamation of Lincoln, and on the teaching of dis-
tinction between the colored and the white race, it
turned against us. Till that day, our standard
stood steadily on to victory. With our aid or against
it, God has determined to let the people go. But he
has failed in the execution of his mission. He cannot
think that the prayers, tears, labors of the fathers were
to be all lost. &c. Toward the last he said: "Some
of you may think this singular kind of address from
me. I don't know, but I think it is singular. I must
have been honored as accustomed to speak thus
in such a place as this; but the brethren asked me
to stand up and give me liberty, and I felt that before
God I could not refrain from speaking my mind. I must
speak the truth. I must set forth the right. If men
choose to oppose Providence, and rush to destruction
upon the thick bones of Jehovah's buckler, I cannot
go with them. I cannot, in any practical re-
marks," an eloquent call for recruits.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: I am surprised to see you, crediting for
once the falsehoods of the pro-slavery journals, allege
or admit that Wendell Phillips "discourages enlists-
ments in the colored regiments." I am surprised to
see you so based on his late speech at Abington, an
authentic report of which I herewith send you. If you
will read it, you will perceive that it contains nothing
to warrant such a charge. True, he said that the ad-
ministration seemed to have sharply perhaps you will
not sharply - but his purpose is not to discourage en-
listments, but to stimulate the government to take
more decisive measures for the suppression of the re-
bellion, and to ward off the peril of the North that
shilly-shally policy heretofore pursued leads to a fear-
ful waste of money and life, and promises a defeat
rather than success. Northern sympathizers with
treason may think such criticisms tend to discour-
age enlistments. They constantly affirm that your criti-
cisms have the same tendency; but they know right
well that your purpose, and Mr. Phillips's no less, is
to stimulate the government to such action as would
fill the ranks of the army without resort to drafting.

The pretence that Mr. Phillips said anything at Ab-
ington, "discouraging enlistments," is utterly false,
and the quotations on that head are so many forgeries,
as you will see if you will look at the speech itself as
photographically reported. Since the Union was broken
up by the secession of the South, and the rebellion, I
do not know of any man who has so faithfully and so
courageously represented the truth, and who has so
courageously and so bravely defended the Union, as
you have done. I am sure that your criticisms have
been a great blessing to the country, and that they
will continue to be so. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NEGRO RIOTS.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: The recurrence of these riots at this crisis sug-
gests to the observer that there is some instigator of
these outrages, and that the mobocrats are tools in
the hands of some one who is holding the position that
the "secessionists and their abettors here have de-
termined, if possible, to introduce confusion and an-
archy into the North; hence these riots. No one can
read the New-York Herald's inflammatory diatribes
against Abolitionists and negroes, without feeling sure
that the peace and harmony of the North is not the
object desired by that press. Having already inflamed
the South against the North, now it seeks to divide
the North against itself, by incendiary appeals to the
prejudice against negroes. The sham Democracy is
seeking re-ascendancy by the most desperate means.
It is utterly false, and the quotations on that head
are so many forgeries, as you will see if you will
look at the speech itself as photographically reported.
Since the Union was broken up by the secession of the
South, and the rebellion, I do not know of any man
who has so faithfully and so courageously represented
the truth, and who has so courageously and so bravely
defended the Union, as you have done. I am sure that
your criticisms have been a great blessing to the coun-
try, and that they will continue to be so. I am, Sir,
very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE COLORED REGIMENT.

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I., Aug. 11.

I do not hear that any great progress has been made
yet in the organization of the Colored Regiment for
which Gov. Sprague has been endeavoring. The entire
colored population of Rhode Island would not make
a full regiment, and the black men of Massachu-
setts would naturally prefer to organize under Gov.
Andrew. Mr. W. W. Johnson, who did such noble
service at New Bedford, and until 1860 the captain of
the colored company of that city, has offered his
services to Gov. Sprague. Mr. Johnson was com-
manding officer of this company for five years, from
1855 to 1860, during which time it numbered nearly
the orthodox seventy-eight, and made several excur-
sions, after the manner of our 7th regiment, into
neighboring cities. The drill and deportment of the
company is said to have compared very favorably
with that of troops less fitted for the endurance of
tropical heats. Many of these men have now gone
into the army for Gov. Sprague, and in the event of
their return, Gov. Sprague would accept them as
Massachusetts, and Gov. Andrew decide to let them go.

In Providence, a company of 106 men was organized
last week, for the fall of Fort Sumter, by Captain
Samuel Dorsey - about the time that the police in this
city broke up the drill-meetings of black men as dis-
orderly gatherings. This company offered to go with
the 5th Rhode Island Regiment, which did such noble
service at Bull Run. Being refused as a company,
many of its members attached themselves as servants
to the 5th Rhode Island Regiment, and batteries. Four
of them, however, concluded to accept an offer accord-
ing to the United States mustering officers, as well as
according to the Constitution of Rhode Island, which
allows men, with and without skins, are now arming
themselves as soldiers, and not as servants. I will not say
precisely where, as some nice-nosed traitor might object to
their conscription in the army, and threaten to resign if
they were not immediately styled soldiers. They are
somewhere in the 104th Rhode Island Reg-
iment, and that no Rhode Island man will aid in ex-
terminating their whereabouts to the rebels on our side
of the lines

Poetry.

THE SPIRITS QUESTIONING.

For the Liberator.
By Mrs. M. D. JACKSON.

While musing on the scenes of woe,
That spread o'er nation's sky,
And seeking earnestly to know
If underneath the cloud might lie
Some fringe of golden light to cheer
The darkened prospect of the hour,
Or, blest with open prophet's ear,
Might catch some word of saving power,
We sighed—How long, O Lord, how long
Shall loyal blood in torrents flow,
And countless victims, young and strong,
Be laid by rebel forces low?
Must myriads of our sons be slain,
And earth made rich with patriot gore,
And shall the sacrifice be vain,
Nor to our country peace restore?
In mild, but just rebuke, we heard
The still small voice in accents clear,
And listened to each solemn word
That fell upon our saddened ear:
"Ask not how long your blood shall flow,
And mothers weep their children slain;
But ask, who holds the cup of woe
For Africa's burning lips to drain.
Not on the slave alone shall fall
The curse of Oppression's violence;
But in its rebound must
Th' oppressors feel its fatal blow."
God from His throne of justice hears
The bondman's clanking chain and wall,
And treasures all his bitter tears,
Nor shall His righteous judgment fail.
He warned us to forsake our sin,
And waited with forbearance long;
But we our golden harvests win,
And listen to the siren's song.
Our judges oft the ermine soil,
And crush whom they are sworn to save;
The weak and helpless still they spoil,
And wield the fetters of the slave.
Our Senate floor is stained with blood
Drawn from our noblest patriot's veins;
In crouching attitude we stood,
Th' assassin gird with gifts, not chains.
The giant evil of our land
Has poisoned 'e'en the air we breathe,
Till all but one small martyr band
Bring flowers its hideous form to wreath.
The wailing of the colored race
Is lost upon our deafened ear,
And we still turn away our face,
Its wrongs will neither see nor hear.
But God in mercy sent the storm,
Whose thunderbolts the air shall clear,
And raise the nation's prostrate form,
And open wide her defamed ear.
Till she shall list the faintest moan
Of sorrowing Africa's sons to hear,
And every shrill, and every groan,
Shall thrill upon her quickened ear.
Then, stripped of every fair disguise,
The nation's sin shall stand confessed,
And loyal hearts, become more wise,
Shall seek to make their country blessed.
By sundering all the chains that bind
A child of God, or dark, or fair;
Till every suffering slave shall find
The bliss of breathing Freedom's air.
Then shall our sons, with joy elate,
Their eager footsteps hitherward turn,
To greet the loved, who for their wait,
And on the household altar burn.
Fresh incense to the golden fair,
Who rules supreme o'er all the land,
And fill with jubilee the air,
And place the sceptre in her hand.
Boston, August 14, 1862.

From the London Athenaeum.

SUMMER.

Lo! lay EREBOS within the sun
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazy mists and duns,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,
And glitter glory all the heaven overfills.
Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Nor do little rivers shiver through the leaves—
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,
Came, flashing through the east, the regal morn,
No throated twittering gurgled round the eaves.
Flooded in sunny slumber sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets flow and flow;
The quaint farm gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jammed homesteads twine,
And close beside them sun-flowers bend and blow.
Amid the growing heat I lie me down,
And into visions warm the moted air
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and created with a regal air,
Outshimmering in an orient purple glare:
Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands,—
Babel and Babylon—I see slow streams
Gilding by moose and minaret, see the gleams
Of seas in sunset—slips of strands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams—
See swart monarchs thrashed in purple robes
Of silken courtesies—through half open doors
Catch the spicing odors, and the cool of springs
Lapping forever in a mass of wings—
See light forms dancing over pebbly floors—
Sleeping seraglios, spire and tremulous dome
Winking in drowsy shadow all the day,—
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,
See terrible panthers splashed in bloody foam,
Leap thrills as lightning on their prey;
Or stand with Cortes on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled
Gem-budded shores of Montezuma weak,—
See the white temples rearing thick and sleek,
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;
See silken sails float by, and auroral
Laden with spices, up a Persian gulf,
Or stand on Lebanon, amid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.
But, lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the hay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting, and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again!

From the Troy Daily Times.

PROCLAMATION.

Black men, prepare to close, close at hand,
Behold the hour when you may stand
In column massed, and for this land
May fight and bleed, may do and die!
The land has marked you with its hate,
Has chained you with its Church and State;
But now you must decide its fate!
Strike, strike! or it shall broken lie!
How Retribution calls on you!
Have you been false? then be ye true!
Put forth your strength, help forge aoe!
This massive ring of shattered States!
But shall we spurn your service still?
Blocking the way when there's the will?
Shall we decree your further ill?
Then God is just—the doom awaits!

The Liberator.

REPLY TO MR. MAY'S LETTER.

MR. GARRISON.—I am glad that Mr. May responded so promptly to my letter of the 27th ult., although I regret to learn by his response that my information as to his position is correct, and that he holds justly to it. He affirms that I knew perfectly well that his views of the war differ essentially from my own. I beg leave to assure him, that I knew no such thing before; that, although I have known him for many years, and during the past year of this war, I have often "met him on the street, at my own place of business," and at anti-slavery meetings, I have not before heard him say, or heard of his saying, or seen any other intimation of his ability or disposition to engage in the active support of a pro-slavery government for any purpose whatever.

I did not call on him at his residence "six miles" from here, because he is not responsible to me privately, but only as the official agent of those societies that I have somewhat tried to sustain for a quarter of a century; and he is responsible, not to me alone, but to every other member and patron of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies; therefore I called his position in question before them in the Liberator, as I desired also to do in the Standard, but its editor, in an unkind personal note to me, declined to publish the letter.

I did not desire to elicit any personal feeling. Abolitionists, in their labors and criticisms, should know only the slave, and him in chains; and I waive all notice of unkind allusions as not pertinent to or worthy the matter in hand.

I think Mr. May's informant must have misunderstood what I intended to say, in reporting me to say I was as willing to have the Davis government over my head as the Lincoln government. I do not think I ever loved the old Union well enough to say that. I feel too disloyal to have given vent to such a remark intentionally. The Davis or slaveholders' government has ruled the nation for long years, till some more than a year ago, when they proposed to withdraw their guardianship over us, disgusted with our growing disloyalty thereto, and setting up by themselves, govern their own immediate followers. The national government, distressed at their retirement from us, are endeavoring by force of arms to bring them back to their old status—hitherto with great success. But I do not propose to help enlarge its armies to aid its success. I am not sufficiently in love with the slaveholders' government to labor for its restoration over us. Neither do I think Mr. May is; but that, nevertheless, is the purpose of the Administration; and if he puts men into its hands, they will be used for its purposes, and not for his own.

Mr. May, "looking before the President, his Cabinet and Generals, sees a country, a cause, institutions of freedom, and a possible future, all imperiled." Alas! I see the peril too, and I see them imperiled also by this very President and Cabinet; and until they are changed in purpose, or removed out of the way, I see no hope of salvation to this nation, though I have hope for institutions of freedom; for I cannot believe God can risk their perpetuity upon the life of so wicked a nation as ours. This nation can, if it choose, propose JUSTICE, by which alone, if at all, all these things can be saved to it. All anti-slavery authorities assert that emancipation alone can save us; that, in the hands of the Administration, by the logic of events, is the rightful power to enforce emancipation. This power was not in their hands before, being limited by their constitutional obligations. Mr. May and we all refused all aid or support to any Administration that was even compelled to be pro-slavery by its situation; but now, when they are not so compelled, when their hands are not only loosed, but the force of events seems to almost crush them into the right—they steadfastly persist, voluntarily and wickedly persist in the wrong. I cannot, will not sustain them, or furnish them more men to murder in a war for political supremacy. And I see not how Mr. May, or any other of our old associates, of the doctrine of "no support, or of complicity with a pro-slavery government," who could not sustain one involuntarily so, can now sustain one voluntarily and persistently so. No! I say, and shall not we all say, with Mr. Phillips and Mr. Whipple, not a man or a dollar in such service.

Mr. May speaks of my charging the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies with having been, the past year, in the active service of the Government. If he will read more carefully, he will find that I do not speak of the societies, but of their "official representatives"; and again, in another place, in Miss Martineau's words, of the "proved leaders"; for I do not believe that the rank and file of these societies have so done, or that they have approved the course of such of their agents as have. I spoke as I did, partly on the strength of my own observation, but mainly on the strength of Mr. Whipple's article, I before referred to, when he says, "the Abolitionists" have been supporting the Government the past year without making "conditions." This is more than I had supposed, and I do not now believe that the mass of the Abolitionists have done it, and I should not have dared to say without conditions, "on my own observation." Who, then, are "the Abolitionists" of whom Mr. Whipple speaks? He may intend these societies, but he must be mistaken here; for I think of no action at their meetings that could be so construed—unless, possibly, we might so construe the resolutions of the last annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which affirm that, as between the Government and the secessionists, the Government is wholly right, and they are wholly wrong. But I think this resolution was adopted in deference to its author, than from a firm conviction of its truth or propriety; and I doubt not, had other and more consistent resolutions been offered, the Society would gladly have adopted them. This view is illustrated by the proceedings of the New York State Convention, which met at Albany soon after, and adopted the same resolutions, apparently out of deference to the proved leader, who offered them; and then proceeded to adopt certain other resolutions in testimony of its own faith. Mr. Whipple must, I think, have intended those Abolitionists with whom he is directly and daily associated, and they are the "official representatives" of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. And when he speaks, being as he is a member of the Executive Committee of both Societies, and also of the Board of Trustees of both the Hovey and Francis Jackson Anti-Slavery Funds, and using as he repeatedly did the pronoun "we," it seemed to me a "semi-official" announcement, as I designated it.

But how do we stand to-day? The last New England Convention, on motion of Wendell Phillips, reaffirmed its old testimony of "No Union with slaveholders, no support of any government which upholds or allows slavery in its limits." That is a proposition that does not look much like enticing men for the army, I think.

Mr. May claims that many of the speakers at the Abington 1st of August meeting took essentially his ground, and he heard no one rebuked. I cannot tell what was said there, as I was not present; but I have read what was reported of these speeches in the Liberator and Standard, and these reports do not contain anything that, by the utmost stretch, can sustain Mr. May's position. Mr. Garrison announced there that "this nation has been, and continues to be, a slaveholding nation." Did he, or could he, call for enlistments to ing, slave-breeding, slave-driving and slave-trading aid such a nation? I think not. Mr. Conway followed in a speech of the severest denunciation and criticism of the Government; and, so far from calling for support for it, he called on foreign nations to intervene, and aid the South to crush it to such a depth of humiliation, that it should seek to proclaim emancipation to save itself from its otherwise sure destruction.

Mr. Phillips is reported, next, as denouncing in terms of unmitigated severity the government and its position, affirming that the government was "murdering" its soldiers in a purposeless war, and calling on us to pray for the capture of the capital by the South; and said that what we need most is, "a stunning blow, a baptism of blood"—and much else in the same strain, to the end of arousing the North to compel the government to free the slave. Could Mr. Phillips, with such utterances, ask men to enlist to be murdered in the service of such a government? I think not. And I cannot understand how Mr. May could help feeling rebuked by almost every sentence of these three speakers.

The last Anti-Slavery Standard speaks editorially of this quota of men that Mr. May is desiring to fill, as "the three hundred thousand who are now to be led to sacrifice." Can Mr. May ask men to enlist in a corps that are "to be led to sacrifice," to be "murdered"? I cannot. It would better "smit me fold my hands," as he suggests, though I do not purpose to do that.

Mr. May quotes R. D. Webb as hoping that the "Barons of the South" would not also become the "Lords of the North." "So I must deeply feel" myself; and I am ready to make any personal sacrifice, save of principle, of right, to prevent it; but of these never. I doubt if Mr. May can quote a word of Mr. Webb's that will justify his labors to sustain this pro-slavery government. Indeed, if I recollect aright, Mr. Webb has, more than once, in the present year, expressed surprise and regret that the American Abolitionists tended so much in that direction.

But a truce to all this. In following Mr. May, I have written too much of it. It matters not the right of the case what this or that one says or thinks, though I think that Mr. May, in his action, stands alone of the old guard. The question is—"Is it consistent or right for an Abolitionist, who has for years repudiated action under and in support of a pro-slavery government, to give it that support now?" I say no! Mr. May says yes!

Please, Mr. Garrison, to ask the editor of the Standard to tell its readers what is Mr. May's position; for I think it is of more importance that his employers should know what it is, than that the readers of the New York Journal of Commerce should be assured of his loyalty to the government. I am willing that he should consider me a traitor; for loyalty to such a government is treason to God.

Mr. May will please understand that I do not at all impugn his intention to this nation, though I have loved the old Union well enough to say that. I feel too disloyal to have given vent to such a remark intentionally. The Davis or slaveholders' government has ruled the nation for long years, till some more than a year ago, when they proposed to withdraw their guardianship over us, disgusted with our growing disloyalty thereto, and setting up by themselves, govern their own immediate followers. The national government, distressed at their retirement from us, are endeavoring by force of arms to bring them back to their old status—hitherto with great success. But I do not propose to help enlarge its armies to aid its success. I am not sufficiently in love with the slaveholders' government to labor for its restoration over us. Neither do I think Mr. May is; but that, nevertheless, is the purpose of the Administration; and if he puts men into its hands, they will be used for its purposes, and not for his own.

Worcester, Aug. 10, 1862.

RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION.

FRIEND GARRISON.—It is seldom I see in the Liberator anything from the State of Maine at this momentous crisis; and I feel, though your columns are crowded, that I must occasionally send in my testimony, that justice may be done in the great struggle between Liberty and Slavery. I wish it to be known that all my desires, all my hopes, all my prayers, all my sympathies are with my brothers and sisters in bondage. Just so far as the Government does anything towards their freedom, just so far do I wish it success, and no farther. If the President, Cabinet, Congress, and every officer and soldier on the battlefield get destroyed, but a small portion of the debt we owe will be paid. This debt has been accumulating ever since the landing of the first cargo of slaves in James river, Virginia, in August, 1620. We justly feel horrified when we hear of thousands being shot on the battle-field; but, in the language of Rev. E. M. Wheelock, "let us not forget that, on the Southern plantation, blood is always flowing." Yes; and now that we are paying the debt by the law of compensation, let us not forget how long it has been flowing. Justice must be done, no matter how many raise their hands against it.

For more than thirty years, righteous men and women have cried to this wicked Government, "Let the oppressed go free!" But it turned a deaf ear. Now the plagues are coming! Mr. Garrison told that judgment would be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; that it was under falsehood they were hiding themselves; and that they would all be swept away when the flood came. Now where are they? Justice is now being done. Had they heard the warning words of the prophets, lamentation and mourning would not be now heard all over the land.

I am a peace man. For seventeen years, I have done what I could to abolish slavery and prevent war. You and your associates have done a vast deal more. Every warning has been uttered, every personal sacrifice has been made, every argument has been exhausted; still, the Government has gone on in its wicked course till justice has overtaken it. We are free from the blood of the slave; we have not brought on the war; why should we not be happy?

I will not forget to ask the question, where is the Church in this terrible struggle? Why is she not pouring in her petitions for the freedom of the bondman? Those who know her history for the last thirty years will not be at a loss to answer the question.

To every abolitionist in the land, I will say, LET ALL OUR SYMPATHIES BE WITH THE SLAVE!

Yours, for the redemption of man,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

A POOR INVESTMENT.

A little less than a year since, spending a leisure hour in Springfield, I called at the office of the Republic, and subscribed for the weekly issue one year. Abating the ability of this paper, which no one will doubt, I must say I have been sadly disappointed. True, I expected revelations of political conservatism and party trickery; but I was not prepared to witness such an entire absence of fairness and honesty for the cause of Liberty and Northern self-respect. The editors allow no opportunity to pass, without showing a settled spleen and cherished bitterness toward the Abolitionists, and Wendell Phillips in particular. Not that they seem to dislike Charles Sumner less, but Wendell Phillips more. Many of the recent editorials would grace the columns of Bennett's "Satirist" or Herald. Take for instance a notice in the last number of Mr. Phillips' speech at Abington on the 1st of August:

"Wendell Phillips made one of his most insane speeches at Abington on the 1st inst. He called in the name of God for the dissolution of the Union, and the laying of the corner stone of a new one; called President Lincoln a turtle and various other opprobrious names; abused pretty much all our Generals; made the false and silly assertion that 'the Government is trying to preserve slavery, and therefore fights in vain'; declared that 'no public opinion will support Charles Sumner,' which is true enough—'though a loyal Commonwealth stands behind him,' which is not true in either sense, for the Commonwealth does not back him in his peculiar opinions and positions, while in the matter of loyalty and its sensa-

ble and effective exhibition the Commonwealth is an age ahead of him. Mr. Phillips considers the war, as at present conducted, as 'without a reasonable object, and a total loss of blood and treasure.' Smart rhetoric is an entertaining thing, and Mr. Phillips' pungent sentences are received with delight by the old ladies and non-resistant men at Abington Grove; but no man who talks as Mr. Phillips does should make any claims to respect as a loyal man. It is a very strange style of loyalty that calls for the destruction of the Union in the name of God. Mr. Phillips is loyal only to the single idea of abolition, and has no regard for Constitution or laws, except as means to that end. It is at least creditable in him, that he has now openly abandoned the patriotic dodge, which he managed but awkwardly, and has returned to his old cry of down with the Union."

To all who heard the speech referred to, or who may have read the same admirably reported in the last Liberator, comment is unnecessary. The Republicanism of the type here revealed, compares poorly with the words and work of some of the hard-shell Democrats, who are honest enough to confess with Mr. Phillips that either the Union or slavery must perish. It is true now as of old, that while "publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of heaven, Scribes and Pharisees will wonder and perish."

My poor investment will soon end, and with it my patience for all such Republicans, who, in the name of Liberty, work to destroy the very cornerstone upon which it rests. Should Mr. Sumner be defeated, and his place in the U. S. Senate be filled by a time-server, the blame, and I may say everlasting shame, will in a great measure rest upon just such pseudo Republicans as feed upon the diatribes of the Springfield Republican. For, with the exception of the really excellent articles from the Boston correspondent, "Warrington," this sheet is suited to any pro-slavery meridian.

DEATH OF ANTHONY BURNS.

THE following letter from Rev. Hiram Wilson to Rev. Mr. Grimes, of Boston, announcing the death of ANTHONY BURNS, of Fugitive-Slave Law notoriety, has been kindly furnished us for publication in the Liberator. Its intelligence will be received with regret by the friends of the colored race; for Mr. Burns gave promise of much usefulness in the field of a man. His case has become historic, and will form a conspicuous figure in the drama of the times. It was signally wonderful for good.

ST. CATHARINES, (C. W.), July 28, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER.—Having just returned from the burial of the Rev. ANTHONY BURNS, I feel it to be my duty to write you promptly respecting the termination of his earthly pilgrimage.

I am the more inclined to address you as a brotherly act, inasmuch as you took a deep interest in him in Boston, some years ago, raising the means of his ransom, and putting yourself in serious jeopardy to obtain his freedom, going down personally into the dark and horrible prison-house of slavery in the South to accomplish so noble a purpose.

Anthony Burns is no more! His immortal spirit took its flight to the spirit-land at 3 o'clock yesterday (Saturday) morning, after a decline of some four months, of consumption. Thanks to God, he "rests in peace."

Having called on him frequently, during his illness, to administer comfort and consolation to this worthy brother, I think the language of the Apocalypse justly applies in his case: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Brother Burns gave me to understand, time and again, and expressed the same to others, that "all was well" with regard to his prospects for eternity. His illness was brought on, perhaps, by over-exertion and exposure, last winter and early spring, in trying to clear the Zion (Baptist) Church here of debt, of which he had been pastor for a year or more. Success attended his efforts; he not only cleared it of debt, but succeeded in making some important repairs, improvements, &c.; and when everything seemed to be going on prosperously, his health failed, and he was laid aside. It was a great trial to him, as he told me, to be laid aside from his active and useful labors. He retained a very affectionate remembrance of his friends at the East who had taken so much interest in him, and often spoke of them.

He was not confined to his bed till his case was of such a nature as to baffle the skill of physicians, and yet for a long time he seemed to have hopes of recovery; but the Lord was pleased to order it otherwise. During his protracted illness, a deep and tender sympathy was felt towards him by many of the colored people, and a considerable number of the white population. The members of his church were strongly attached to him. Some of the female members were untiring in their endeavors to contribute to his comfort, and I may add, that my own family took pleasure in doing all we could for his comfort, in the way of furnishing daily such nourishments as he could relish. The funeral to-day was truly a solemn and impressive scene. It took place at 3 o'clock, P. M. Some five or six ministers of the Gospel were present, and a large concourse of people. The services were conducted by Elder Cary. An appropriate hymn was sung, commencing—

"Serrant of God, well done!
Rest when you loved to labor;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Ere thy Master's joy!"

After prayer by the writer, part of the 15th chap. I. Cor. was read by Elder Cary. Prayer was again offered by Rev. Mr. Norton, (Pres. minister.) In solemn silence the procession moved slowly to the Cemetery, at about two miles east of the village of St. Catharines. At the grave, Rev. Mr. Hawkins, (colored), Methodist, offered prayer in a very solemn and appropriate manner. He thanked God, on behalf of brother Burns, for the evidence that he was now "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest"; that he was where he could no longer hear the clanking of the chains of slavery, nor pine and suffer with in prison walls, but embosomed in the paradise of God forever. The discourse around his peaceful grave was mostly colored—the adults of whom, like himself, had fled from bondage; and yet there were quite a number of white people of various churches and different nationalities. While there consigning his mortal remains to the silent dust, I thought of the awful excitement a few years ago in Boston, attendant upon his arrest, and rendition to the hands of bloody men, who are now in open rebellion against the government, and against God and humanity. I seemed to have a sort of panoramic view of the pro-slavery treachery—the arrest, the court proceedings, the mass meetings, the vast array of marshals and of the military, and the countless throngs of people blocking up the streets of Boston—his dark and awful doom as a victim of the Fugitive-Slave Law, and the selfish exultations of the Slave power on the one hand—while lamentations spread all over the coast of New England, and rolled back to the Rocky Mountains. I thought of that iniquitous system as having culminated to the awful crisis now hanging over the American people. The name of Anthony Burns fills an important place in the history of events which led to the great conflict now pending between the marshalled hosts of freedom and the fendish friends and minions of slavery, and will be pronounced with honor when the future shall have fallen from the limbs of millions of his suffering brethren.

Brother Burns was much respected in this quarter. Since he left Oberlin and came over into Canada, he has made good impressions where he lectured in various places. Mr. Cary, the Baptist minister here, has taken a very great interest in him, and would do anything in his power to honor his memory. He is to preach his funeral sermon at the Zion Baptist Church, St. Catharines, (bro. Burns'), at 3 o'clock, P. M., second Sabbath of August.

Very respectfully,
Yours, in the gospel and love of Christ,
HIRAM WILSON.

MR. GARRISON AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

(From the Anti-Slavery Standard.)

Williams College, at Williamstown, Berkshire Co. (the oldest Orthodox College in Massachusetts, and not only holds a high literary rank, but has always been prominent for conservatism.) Its President, Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., is one of the Chief Rabbis of our American Israel, being President also of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Incredible as it may seem, one of the Literary Societies of this College chose for its orator this year, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, who not unwillingly accepted the appointment. His oration, which formed a part of the literary entertainment of Commencement week, was delivered on Monday, August 4. The only extract that we have seen of it is in the following extract from the correspondence of the Springfield Republican:

"The Address of Mr. Garrison, before the Adelphean Union Society, was a wonderfully calm, dispassionate and moderate representation of the speaker's well known views on the subject of emancipation. He took for his subject, 'Our National Vindictive'; and the timid people who expected all sorts of incendiary propositions were pleasantly disappointed to hear a thoroughly Christian address, and one which contained a greater amount of direct quotations from the sacred Scriptures, we venture to say, than any sermon or oration that will find utterance in any town this week. To the great mass of the speaker's propositions I could respond a hearty 'Amen,' though there were points in which he was unfair and unjust, especially to the North. The address was wonderfully vitalized and wonderfully clear—with out denunciation and without bitterness."

Ten years ago, Mr. Garrison said, the strength and security of the Union seemed infinite. Its dissolution seemed almost the most improbable of all possible things. All declared that the Union must be preserved. To make it so, Union-saving committees were organized, speeches were made, the shade of Washington was periodically invoked, and his farewell address repeated. Nothing was left undone to make the Union one and inseparable. Where is it now? Broken by the same slave power which dictated the terms of its formation, and there is no sign that its re-establishment is possible. The speaker gave a most graphic and impressive picture of the present condition of affairs, and the awful change that had been wrought in the brief space of twenty months. The justice of God has been too strong for us, and we have brought down upon ourselves the curse of the South. Let people say what they may as to what is the cause of all our calamities, it remains that this heavy judgment is from God. To attribute it to the ambition of Southern politicians, or to the work of the handful of Northern Abolitionists, is to insult the Divine Majesty.

Democracy has been a failure. It has not been a failure in America, because it remains yet to be tried here. Democracy embraces all men. The rule of slavery in this country is despotism, in its severest form. A Democratic slave State is as ridiculous as an idolatrous Christian State. The American revolution was not a struggle for the rights of human nature, but for colonial independence. To this day human liberty is not comprehended in this country. Half a million of slaves in '76 have swelled to four million in 1860; and nothing has been so unpopulous, nothing has been so dangerous, for the last thirty years, as to advocate their emancipation. If to enslave a man on the shores of Africa be a piratical act, so is it in the slave States of America. If freedom is good for one man, it is good for all men.

In speaking of the dangers of emancipation, as they are believed in by the public, Mr. Garrison gave a long and interesting sketch of emancipation in St. Domingo and the British West Indies, and stated that all the facts and statistics which he gave, though true and familiar to every Abolitionist, are unknown to the great masses of the American people, who really suppose that West India Emancipation has been ruinous. The speaker gave a long and interesting sketch of the South responsible for instituting the war. She had not a grievance. She had had everything her own way from the formation of the government, and still held things in her own hands. But the North is morally responsible, to a fearful extent, by its conciliatory policy, its hesitations of slavery, and its denunciations of the only class which has opposed the wrong, by pro-slavery mobs, and by the proscription of colored people upon our own soil. While the North is innocent of every crime which is charged upon it by the South, she must remember her past complicity with slavery. He thought that so far, lowly the North had manifested very little penitence for her sins, and very little humiliation in view of them.

Mr. Garrison closed with a long plea for the immediate emancipation of the blacks as the only means of ending the war. He could never have again the Union and the Constitution as they were. His arguments did not differ from those with whom he sympathizes, as they have been given to the public in newspapers, and the arguments themselves, are nothing more, really, than assertions. The address was a strong and earnest thing, and given in admirable spirit. Indeed, I do not doubt that it will rank among the best certain of the year, though thoughtlessly* met with a hearty reception and response."

*The attendance was doubtless attributable, in part, to religious prejudice, the habit of misrepresentation, but more still, probably, to the unusual circumstance, that on such an occasion, every auditor had to pay twenty-five cents before entering the church.—Ed. Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE PROGRESS OF IDEAS.

It was a philosopher of olden time that persisted in saying, under very discouraging circumstances, that "the world does move." But his persecutors could not see it, and therefore not only would not believe in such a monstrous heresy themselves, but were determined that no one else should. The philosophers of to-day not only believe that "the world does move," but have since continued to. Human progress is slow under all circumstances, but the great change in public opinion on the leading topics of the day, within the last year, is so marked that it is a very blind man who can't perceive that at least the anti-slavery world is moving towards Christian toleration and human perfection. We are as much reminded of it as from any other circumstance, when we read in the newspapers that a hitherto very unpopular individual, unpopular because he has advocated opinions that the multitude could not understand, has been selected to deliver addresses at our college commencements. This was Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who has made it his special duty for the last thirty years to rebuke the nation for slaveholding, and has been reviled for it, has been to Williamstown, and delivered an address on his favorite topic before the college of the Springfield Association, and even Dr. Holland, of the Springfield Republican, states that "it was the address of the week."

When an institution of learning invites Wm. Lloyd Garrison to deliver an address, a man who has scarcely seen the inside of a college, and who graduated from an obscure printing office, and claims the world as his alma mater, then there is reason to believe that what he has said and written has found response in the hearts of the young men who are to go into the world to take an active part in the affairs of life.

Mr. Garrison has labored zealously for what seemed to him an all-important idea, against obstacles that few would have had the courage to encounter. He has been misrepresented, despised, mobbed, and almost crucified, for opinion's sake; yet he has never deviated from what he considered absolute truth. Whether his opinions have always been right or wrong, it is not our purpose now to discuss, but we do believe that a candid person can otherwise than admire his devotion to his convictions of right. Mr. Garrison is not "what would be considered a practical man—one who could adapt himself and his philosophy to surrounding circumstances, and move on without coming in collision with some of the prevailing opinions of the day. He is an agitator by nature, and so long remained as he is willing to be reformed, he would regard it as a duty to call public attention to them. So long as there are so many that are always ready to sacrifice right for expediency, it is well that there are some who are willing to hold up the standard of absolute truth. The honor conferred on him by Williams College being gratifying to himself and friends, especially after having labored so long to convince the people of the sin of slaveholding.—Northampton Free Press.

THE guerrillas forces in Missouri are estimated at from five to eight thousand men.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE PERSECUTED COLORED CITIZENS OF THE FREE STATES.

Last evening, a large and attentive congregation was assembled in Shiloh Presbyterian Church, Prince street, to hear an appeal in behalf of the persecuted colored citizens of the Free States, by the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, pastor of the church.

He commenced his discourse by setting forth the disadvantages under which his people in the Free States were laboring, the insults and the assaults to which they were subjected by the prejudices of the dominant class. He said, if the question is asked by what agencies has this alarming and deplorable state of things been produced?—by what power another—the strong against the weak—the strong against the few—you all know what influence have consummated the sad work. Enemies have been busy among us—enemies to law and order, and enemies to the Government under which they live, and to the principles of the Christian religion. I paper press of this city, and a few in other sections of our country, have been the principal instigators in this murderous mob movement. Foremost in this seditious and bloody crusade are the N. Y. Herald and the N. Y. Express. He described the deplorable and mischievous course of all such journals, and charged that whatever the consequences might be, their conductors would be held responsible. He continued: Brethren, I call you to bear witness, that this crusade was commenced against us simultaneously with the beginning of the rebellion. Mark that. Now, it is my opinion that all this is an important part of the programme of this bloody and seditious movement. Let me tell you what I believe the sagacious leaders of the rebellion know, and that their services to feed their three large armies. The services of their slaves to feed their three large armies, and to perform all other necessary labor. Second, the division of Northern strong a prejudice against the free colored people of the North, as to keep them out of the rebel ranks. And this plan has thus far been successfully carried out. Their Northern emissaries have been as devoted to their duty, as the not more active slaveholding traitors. He appealed to his people and all their trials to be calm, cautious and many whatever they said or did. He urged them to be doubly bold and unflinching, and to be as bold as words cannot harm a noble mind, although they may wound the feelings. A gallant and dignified bearing would do more to disarm malice, and to bring about, than an attempt to avenge every trifling insult.

In reference to the character of his people, he said: We do not claim for ourselves perfect virtue; yet I affirm, and am sustained by statistics, that we are as industrious, and as sober, and as provident, as the corresponding classes of our white fellow-citizens. The most of our people belong to the working classes, and it is seen by our school reports that we have a larger number of children in the Public Schools than this city than the same class have among the whites. It is proverbial that we have but few beggars among us, and we have fewer persons of our race supported by public charity, in proportion to our number, than any other class of people. Driven, and driven by the power of caste, and negro-labor we support our churches and institutions of benevolence. We declare without fear of contradiction, that we are loyal to the Government to which we were born, and under which we live, and have failed, as a class, to obey the laws of the land.

At the very commencement of the rebellion, thousands of our men offered their services to the Government; and although in every instance they have been rejected with scorn and insults, many from their color and pickax, and to be armed and equipped as the law requires, and then they will be sent to fight or die as they are commanded.

He concluded his eloquent discourse with a appeal to Christians and Christian ministers to consider their duties and obligations in this crisis, and advised all to seek counsel from the great commander and leader of armies—Jehovah.

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